E 475
.81
.S72
Copy 1

CEREMONIES...

At the Unveiling
South Carolina Monument
Chickamauga Battlefield.

MAY 27th, 1901...

CEREMONIES

AT THE UNVEILING

OF THE

SOUTH CAROLINA

Monument

ON THE

Chickamauga Battlefield,

MAY 27th, 1901.

South Carolina. Chickamau
commission

TOGETHER WITH A

Record of the Commission Who Suggested and Were Instrumental in Securing and Erecting the Monument, Etc.

E475
.81
.S72

Commission.

GOV. M. B. M'SWEENEY, Chairman.

GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER, Secretary.

GEN. J. W. FLOYD, Adjt. and Inspct. Genl.

COL. C. K. HENDERSON,

COL. J. HARVEY WILSON.

19673

S.C.R. Oct. 1873

PROCEEDINGS.

PROCESSION TO THE MONUMENT.

The train carrying the Governor and Staff and the Volunteer State Troops, had arrived during the night of the 26th of May, but that carrying Gen. C. I. Walker, and the Veterans, was delayed owing to an accident ahead of it, so the trains did not leave for the run down to the battle field until 1 P. M., May 27th. On reaching Lytle Station, the procession as formed was as follows:

GEN. T. W. CARWILE, Chief Marshal.

COL. JAMES G. HOLMES, Chief of Staff.

AIDES—MAJ. O. L. SCHUMPERT, CAPT. THOMAS C. THOMPSON, CAPT. GEO. H. WEBB, CAPT. C. M. WILLINGHAM, CAPT. GEO. E. MCGEE, CAPT. A. W. CHAMBLISS, CAPT. SAM M. CHAMBLISS, CAPT. W. J. WILLINGHAM.

Band.

PROVISIONAL REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEER TROOPS.

COLONEL—WILIE JONES.

ADJUTANT—LIEUT. FRANK C. TOMPKINS.

1st BATTALLION.

LIEUT. COL. D. O. HERBERT.

LIEUT J. A. BERRY, ADJT.

Company A—Kershaw Guard, (Camden, S. C)

Captain—S. C. Zemp.
1st Lieut.—H. L. Watkins.
2nd Lieut.—R. R. Team.
Sergeants—Hough, I. C., DeLoache, B. P., Watkins, A. L., DeLoache, W. R., Cureton, R. C.
Corporals—Burnett, W. S., Rhame, B. W., Moore, C. C., Lang, J. K., Shannon, R.
Privates—Alexander, L. A., Alexander, P. R., Avants, T. J., Baum, M. H., Boykin, W. D., Barfield, T., Billings, N.,

Bruce, R. C., Campbell, P., Crosby, G. W., Clements, G. R. Cunningham, W. E., DePass, W. L., DePass, H. I., Goodale, C., Hough, W. R., Latham, D., Lang, T. W., McCreight, E. O., McCreight, H. W., McDowell, J. K. McLeod, E., Phelps, C. F., Rhame, G. A., Seabrook, C. P., Sheorn, W., Singleton, J. A., Smith, S., Vaughan, J. E., Von Presckow, E. C., Whittaker, A. G., Weinberg, A., Williams, S. A., Workman, J. K., Zemp, W. R., Zemp, D. M., Zemp, A. S., Brown C. E., Truesdel, E., Shannon, Pat, Picket, J. C., Blanding, P., Jones, E. L.

Company C—Governor's Guards and Richland Volunteers.

GOVERNOR'S GUARDS.

Captain—Augustus M. Deal.

Sergeants— Howie. A. P., and Walker, R. D.

Corporals—Sessions, S. C., Thomas, John, and West, J. L.

Privates—Bynum, Frank, High, M. L., Calvo, R. D., Bailey, J. D., Moore. William, High, W., Long, E., Howie, B. H., Andrews, B. F.

Regimental Surgeon—Dr. S. M. Deal.

Regimental Color Sergeant—R. D. Walker.

RICHLAND VOLUNTEERS.

1st Lieutenant—Frank G. Tompkins.

2nd Lieutenant—H. H. Holloway.

1st Sergeant—Talley, S. B., Quatermaster Sergeant,—Hamilton, C. B., Sergeant Flowers.

Privates—Oglesby, J. S., Martin, Robert, Taylor, W. L., Black, John, Blatt, E. M., Pettigru, E.

Color Sergeant—J. H. Heise.

Company D—Irish Volunteers.

Captain—David F. Kearney.

1st Lieutenant—J. P. B. O'Neill.

2nd Lieutenant—J. P. Sullivan.

1st Sergeant—Morris, J. J. Sergeants—Duffy, Frank, Miller, John J., Sheehan, R. G., Color Sergeant Rose, A. W.

Corporal Hartwell, C.

Privates—Kennedy, M. F., Kennedy, D. M., Walsh, J. M., Bestorelli, P., Grace, M. J., Becker, T., Oliver, H. Jr., Harrigan, L., Quinlivan, J., Blanche, J. D., Schuler, J. J,. Condon, W. J. Jr., Livingston, J. A., Toglio, C. P., Cameron, W. S., McGrath, E., Walsh, J. M., Duncan, J., Mansfield, H., Keegan, J. F., Duffy, J. R., Murphy, G. M., Donnelley, J. P. E., Blanche, J. D., Rose, W. H., Blanche, Wm.

2nd BATTALLION.

LIEUT. COL. H. FAY.

Company F—Morgan Rifles.

Captain—J. F. Langston.
1st Lieut.—A. M. Sondley.
2nd Lieut.—J. E. Kirby.
1st Sergeant—Tinsley, W. A. Sergeants Tiddy, A. F., Cudd, Jas. W.. Begg, J. R.
Qt. Master Sergeant—Tinsley, L. A.
Color Sergeant—Drummonds, H. S.
Corporals—Henderson, M. P. Merchant, John, Willis, T. J., Pettit, Walter, Cooksey, O. L.
Privates—Emory, T. H. Copper, W. R., Zimmerman, R. D., Miller, J. F., Cannon, R. W., Savage, T. A., Brown, T. M., Giles, W. J., Thomas, E. B , Friday, B. G , Byars, R. B., Byars, R. W., Cooksey, R. S., Henderson, J. H., (Rippey, A. S. servant.)

Company I—Chester Light Infantry

Captain—J. C. McLure.
1st Lieut. —R. G. Mills.
2nd Lieut.—W. C. Bates.
1st Sergeant Carroll, W. W., Sergeants, Bowles, W. P., Marshall, R. G , Latimer, G. Carl.
Corporals—Crawford, James, Cross, J. Clarence, Woods, Harper R.
Privates—Bennett, Gill, Clonsiger, Jos , Douglas, Thos., Hamilton, J. Ernest, Hardee, W. G , Hardin, W. B., Holley, Lynn, Horne, J. F., Horne, R. H., Leard, Sam'l., Nuttall, B. F., Owens, C. C., Potts, O L., Pleasants, W. E., Spratt B. M. Jr., Stevens, J. B., Stewart, John, Westbrook, W. M.

Company L—Jasper Light Infantry

Captain—W. B. Moore.
1st Lieut —Jno. R. Hunt.
Chaplain—Jno. C. Johns.
1st Sergeant—Lowry, Tod, Sergeants—Dobson, Frank, Williams, Will L.
Corporals—Williams, Geo., Latimer, Walker, Williams, Will B.
Privates—Scoggins, F., Alexander, J , Lindsay, F., Dickson, J., Turner, T., Sumirell, S , Stephenson, A., Jenkins, J , Rose, W., Lowry, Avery, Walker, Joe, Adams, Will, McKnight, C., Dobson, B., Cloniger, B., Robinson, O , Smith, B., Johnson, B., Tittie, F.

3rd BATTALION.

MAJOR W. LORING LEE.

LIEUT. R. C. ROLLINS, Adjutant.

Company H—Sumter Light Infantry.

Captain—H. F. Wilson

1st Lieutenant—T. S. Doar.

1st Sergeant—Yeadon, C. D. Sergeants—Reid, H. V. Bradford, R. D.

Corporal—R. S. Moise.

Privates—Auld, William, Boyle, Ladson, Barrett, A. W., Cuttino, Willie, Flowers, Hampton, Flowers, Thomas E., Gillespie, S. W., Gallagher, Pat, Hutcheson, G. W., Joye, Charlie, Pate, Hemphill, Pate, W. H., Jr., Seymour, W. A. Sanders, R. D, Gaillard, C. J., Witherspoon, J. H., Sanders, Marion, Sanders, A. H., Gentry, R. K., Bradley, T. M., Bradford, J. D.

Company B—Palmetto Guards.

Lieutenant—Emile E. Passailague.

Lientenant—W. Orrin Bee.

Ordinance Sergeant—W. Hampton Smith.

1st Sergeant—Browning, St. J. J., Sergeants Ogren—Charles E., Bee, J. P.

Corporals—McCarroll, T. R., Hirsch, G. H., Johnson, E. P.

Secretary—H. S. Milnor.

Privates—Collins, H. P., Hackerman, J. W., Jr., Holst, R., Honour, S. J., LaRoche, A., McMillan, D, Moorer, M J., Meacher, A. C., Steinmeyer, C. E., Jr., Terry, H. S., Webb, J. T., White, N., Ingraham, Mensing, A. C., Moody, J. R., Terry, J. W., Reader, O., Howe, O., Ramon, J.

Company E—Timmonsville Guards

Captain—W. H. Keith.

1st Lieutenant—R. K. Charles.

2nd Lieutenant—R. C. Rollins.

1st Sergeant—Simms F. M. Sergeants—Anderson, W., Lewis, C. W.

Color Sergeant—D. H. Traxler.

Corporals—Green, S. M., Traxler, D. B., Jordon, L. H. D.,

Privates—Andrews, R. C., Baker, S. C., Baskins, J. E. Carter, J. M., Crosswell, H. H. Garner, A. R., Green, R. R., Ham, Q. J., Hamel, R. W., Hill, Geo. E., Hill, S. J., Hill, J. E., Hudson, A. C., Johnson, J. E., Lawhon, J. B., McLendon, J. W., Purvis, M. E., Tauluck, J. M.

J. A. Cole, Surgeon.
J. E. Traxler, Bugler.

THE AUDIENCE AND STAGE.

There was a large audience filling the seats, the State troops were crowded around the stage, and the stage itself was filled with distinguished officials and guests.

Among those present officially and occupying seats on the stage were: South Carolina Chicamauga Commission—Gov. M. B. McSweeney, Gen. C. I. Walker, Gen. J. W. Floyd, Col. J. Harvey Wilson, Col. C. K. Henderson. Speakers—Hon. D. S. Henderson, Bishop Ellison Capers, Rev. John Kershaw. U. S. Park Commission—Gen. Henry V. Boynton, Col. Frank G. Smith, Gen. A. P. Stewart, Col. J. P. Smart, Capt. E. E. Betts, Park Engineer—Of staff of Governor Candler, of Georgia, Gen. James W. Robertson, Adjutant General, Gen. Phil. G. Byrd, Assistant Adjutant General, Col. W. G. Obear, Inspector General, Lt. Col. S. H. Kennan. Unveilers and their chaperones—Miss Ada Orie Walker, Mrs. C. I. Walker, Miss Mary Sydnor DePre, Mrs. ——— Legare, Miss Elberta Bland, Miss Elizabeth C. Teague, Miss Annie Norwood. Governor's Staff—Col. J. D. Frost, Col. J. F. Folk, Col. Thos. F. Brantley, Lieutenant Colonels, A. H. Moss, August Kohn, E. J. Watson, Thos. C. Hamer, C. J. Redding, D. A. Spivey and E. H. Aull; Captains, S. Brown Hyatt and W. E. Aughtry. Chief Marshall, Commission and Staff—Col. Wilie Jones and staff and officers of the State troops. The battle flags of the Seventh, Tenth and Twenty-fourth South Carolina regiments were on the stage, together with several flags of Camps of U. C. V.

UNVEILING CEREMONIES.

Gov. Miles B. McSweeney, presided and introduced Rev. John Kershaw, D. D., a son of the distinguished Gen. J. B. Kershaw to make the opening prayer. He said:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open and all desires known, we come into Thy presence acknowledging our unworthiness and confessing our iniquities. We thank Thee for the many mercies and blessings that Thou hast bestowed upon us; for that Word which is a light unto our feet and a

lantern unto our paths; for Thy goodness that has followed us all the days of our life and has spared us to meet together here after so many years. We thank Thee for the good examples of all those who have departed hence in the true faith of Thy name; for the courage and constancy of those in whose memory this monument has been erected—their faithfulness to duty, their firmness in the hour of trial, their endurance even unto the end. Look merciful O Lord, upon them and upon us, and give us grace to desire that which Thou dost promise, to love that which Thou dost command, that so among the manifold changes of the world our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found. We ask Thy blessing upon our country and its people; that they may be true to Thee and to all that is right, pure, true, honest and lovely and of good report; that they may show forth in their lives that righteousness which exalteth a nation and avoid the sin that is a reproach to any people. We ask Thy blessing upon these survivors of a cause that is called lost—give them the increase of faith, hope and charity, that, as they grow in age, they may grow in grace and into Thy likeness, knowledge and love, and finally may by Thy mercy enter upon that inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away.

Bless, O Lord, this symbol of devotion, this memorial of them that counted not their life as dear unto themselves, but freely gave it up for what they loved. May it stand the enduring tribute of the love and honor of comrades who, in commemorating them thus, are giving them their pledge that they will emulate their noble qualities and perpetuate the stock from which heroes sprung. Make us all mindful of that time when we, too, shall lie down in the dust, so that when we shall have served Thee in our generation we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of good conscience; in the communion of Christ's Holy Church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonoble, religious and holy hope; in favor with Thee, our God, and in perfect charity with the world. All of which we ask through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen!

Gov. McSweeney, then made the following address:

Governor McSweeney's Address.

Fellow-Countrymen:—More than a generation has passed since the day of carnage which made this spot historic, when foeman met foeman worthy of his steel in bloody contest. It was not a conflict between hired soldiers but of men equal in courage and of the same great race who were contending

for principles they believed to be right. The heroism and the fortitude displayed by the Southern soldier in this conflict has never been surpassed in the history of the world. He considered that he was contending for the principle upon which our government was founded and he went into the conflict as a patriotic duty, and duty was his watchword from Manassas to Appomattox. On no other hypothesis can you explain the privation and the suffering which he so cheerfully and readily endured.

This spirit of patriotism prevailed not only among the men of the South, but the women, like the Spartan mothers of old, sent their sons and loved ones to the front with a cheerfulness born of a patriotism that will make any people great. From the first gun at Fort Sumter until arms were stacked at Appomattox they endured hardships and privations with a fortitude rarely equalled and never excelled.

And when the Confederate soldier stacked his arms and furled forever the flag which he had followed through victory and defeat and turned his face homeward, shattered and worn, there were no vain regrets for the part he had played in the great drama of war, but with a cheerfulness unparalleled and a spirit undaunted he began anew the battle of life and the work of rebuilding his lost fortunes and today there is no one more ready or more willing to respond to the defense of our common country than the Confederate soldier. This was demonstrated in our last war with Spain when Joe Wheeler saved the day at Satiago and young Bagley laid his life upon the altar of his country. It is meet and right that we should perpetuate his memory in bronze and stone, but better still that it should be embalmed in the hearts and lives of those who are to come after us. This we can do and at the same time accept the result of the combat and still be true to the flag.

This is a proud day for South Carolina. This beautiful park has been purchased by the general government, and each State having troops engaged in this great battle has been asked to mark the position of its troops. Many of the States have already acted, and nearly a half million dollars have been expended by sixteen States for this purpose. Though tardy we have at last done our duty and today we come to dedicate this monument to the memory of the brave South Carolinians who fought and fell on this historic spot.

In 1893 the General Assembly of South Carolina appointed a commission to locate the position of her troops and in 1894 a commission to select suitable monuments, but it was not until

1900 that the means were provided to complete the work. At that session of the Legislature an appropriation of $10,000 was made to erect suitable monuments, and the Governor was authorized to appoint a commission of three members, and they, with the Governor and the Adjutant General, were to have charge of the erection of the markers and the monument. By authority of that act I appointed as the other members of this commission Gen. C. I. Walker, of Charleston; Col. J. Harvey Wilson, of Sumter, and Capt. C. K. Henderson, of Aiken.

I am proud that I have the opportunity of taking part in these ceremonies and I rejoice at the consummation to which this day brings us in the completion and dedication of this monument. It is a glad day for all true sons of the Palmetto State.

Deep gloom had settled upon the Confederate banner in July, 1863, for then Vicksburg had fallen and the terrible battle of Gyttysburg had been fought. These disasters were not enough, but Confederate energy seemed paralyzed so far as the army under General Bragg was concerned, for the United States forces under Rosecrans had by force of number and superb military equipment driven the Army of the West through Chattanooga into north Georgia along the banks of the Chickamauga. The idea was seized upon by the military authorities at Richmond to reinforce the depleted columns under Bragg by two divisions of Longstreet's corps to be commanded by that old war horse, Gen. J. B Hood. So hurried were the movements of the reinforcing columns that Longstreet could not have his artillery to reach the battlefield of Chickamauga, but the two divisions under McLaws and Hood were assigned to the command of the left wing of General Bragg's army.

On the day of the 20th of September, 1863, two giants in warfare grappled from right to left from sunrise to sunset. The Federal left was commanded by that superb soldier, Gen. George H. Thomas, and to dislodge that force General Bragg ordered every effort to be made, but Thomas held his ground too firmly to yield the field there. The old war horse, Longstreet, pressed the Federal right and centre with his troops and some of the Federals under Gordon Granger and Wood, and by the use of twelve or twenty pieces of artillery at an angle the left wing of the Federal army under Thomas gave way This left the entire field in the possession of the Confederates.

It is a glorious reflection that the valor of South Carolina

troops under Kershaw on the left and Manigault on the right contributed so largely to this magnificent victory, and it is a matter of history that the South Carolina troops, through Kershaw's brigade, made the farthest advance on Snodgrass Hill.

There was not a bloodier fought battle in the whole war, when you take into consideration the number of troops engaged and the time of actual combat. Official reports show that the killed, wounded and missing were over thirty-three per cent. of all the troops actually engaged. On the Union side the loss in this battle of a number of regiments was fifty per cent. of the men engaged and the same loss was sustained by the troops on the other side and General Longstreet in his history says that his command lost in two hours nearly forty four per cent. of its strength. "The charge of the light brigade at Balaklava has been made famous in song and history, yet there were thirty Union regiments that each lost ten per cent. more men at Chickamauga and many Confederate regiments whose mortality exceeded this."

On the night of this day it was that General Breckinridge in answering the call of the South Carolina troops, said: "I will not say to whom the credit is due, but this is the first occasion upon which I have been allowed to sleep with my troops on a battlefield which has been fairly and thoroughly won." It was of this battle also that Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, on the field himself, sent to his government this dispatch: "We have this day met a second Bull Run."

It is, my countrymen, to such men as those who bared their breasts on many a battlefield to the belching fire and lead of the enemy that we come to dedicate this monument. It is a privilege which we enjoy to have such a heritage as they have left us.

Gov. McSweeney, then introduced Gen. C. I. Walker, a member of the South Carolina Commission, Commander of the South Carolina Division U. C. V. and one who had been in the battle, as Adjt. Gen. of Manigault's Brigade and had been subsequently promoted to be Lieut. Col. of the 10th S. C. Regiment and finally commanded the 10th and 19th S. C. Regiments. Gen. Walker had been selected to make the Historical Address, which he did as follows:

General Walker's Address.

Fellow Citizens and Comrades: On this great battlefield, thousands of thrilling and valorous events crowd, each

vieing with the other in glory and honor to the brave soldiery who have made the name of "Chickamauga" glorious through all time. Few of these splendid achievements could have come under the ken of any one man. So, if we desire to portray the truth, we must rely for the movements of each command upon the statements of those who participated therein, and even then upon the character of the witness. Realizing this, my statements as to the part taken by each of the noble bodies of South Carolinians who, on this field, won immortal fame, are based on those given me by men who were with each in the battle and whose character is such that whatever they may say carries the conviction of truth.

For the general history of the field we have the "War of the Rebellion Records," which contain the reports of the officers made soon after the occurrence of events. In these there are naturally mistakes, but on the whole they are as nearly correct as could be expected. In addition to this valuable source of general information, for the special part taken by each command, I am indebted as follows:

For that of the 24th South Carolina regiment to the gallant Gen (Bishop) Ellison Capers, whose fealty to the Confederacy is only excelled by his loyal faith to his God.

For that of Kershaw's Brigade to Capt. D. A. Dickert's admirable "History of Kershaw's Brigade," to Gen. Longstreet's "From Manassas to Appomattox," and to Major C. K Henderson, who won his laurels under Carolina's courtly Kershaw.

For that of Jenkin's Brigade to the gallant Gen Asbury Coward, the close friend and follower of the gallant Jenkins.

For that of the 10th and 19th South Carolina I state what I saw myself, and my statements have been endorsed by many of the gallant men with whom I had the honor to serve.

To all who have helped I owe my deep obligations and beg to thank them most graciously and earnestly. Without their kindly assistance I would not be able to portray—thus truthfully I believe—the part taken by the various South Carolina troops in the grand historic events which this park and this monument commemorate.

I will not attempt to tell the general movements of the armies, or the gallant bearing of the thousands who made the glories of the historic spot. I will ask your attention only to the history of the sons of South Carolina, in whose honor a devoted and appreciative mother dedicates to-day her testimonial to their valor and to their worth. I could render but the feeblest justice in any words I could possibly use to the valor of those noble men of Carolina who have helped to make this

field so illustrious. It would be a glorious privilege to pay tribute to each and every son of South Carolina who gave his life on this field. Official reports and history record the glory of the leaders who fell, but only the weeping mother, the sorrowing wife or the faithful comrade preserve the name—engraved on their heart—or the humble private, who gave his life for the country he loved. The general who led and commanded, and the man behind the gun each did equal service. Each showed equal gallantry. When both died, battling with immortal valor, no one deserves encomium more than the other. I cannot, therefore, attempt to pay my loving tribute to the memory of any one son of our State.

"Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age has flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light,
That gilds your deathless tomb."

I shall endeavor to give only a brief sketch of the movements on the battlefields covered by the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park, of each of the commands of South Carolinians, as there were some who arrived too late to take part in the struggle at Chickamauga; yet they covered themselves with equal glory around Chattanooga. Justice also demandsthat Jenkins's gallant men should receive equal notice with those who battled at Chickamauga and Chattanooga.

Would that I had the time, the ability and the eloquence to do full justice to these grand heroes of this historic battlefield.

As we pass from the right, down that splendid line of bristling Confederate bayonets, in the hands of the incomparable men waiting eager and ready for the opening of the battle of September 20, the first South Carolinians were the brave men of the 24th South Carolina regiment, commanded by that gallant leader, Col. C. H. Stevens, who, as brigadier general, gave his life to his cause in front of Atlanta.

Their being at all on this fated field illustrates the persevering devotion, overcoming all obstacles, with which the Confederate soldier always pushed forward towards the firing of the guns and the roar of the battle.

Gist's brigade of which the 24th South Carolina regiment was a part—and a most important part—had been sent to Rome, Ga., to ward off the threatened movement against Bragg's left. September 18 they were ordered up to Chicka-

mauga. At Kingston they were delayed as the one railroad was choked by Longstreet's Corps, from the Army of Northern Virginia, being rushed to the front. They would have been fully justified in waiting their movement by the railroad authorities. But the delay, which kept them from action, could not be tolerated by the spirit which inspired these noble men.

The particulars of the tremendous endeavors they made to reach the field have been kindly given me by Gen. Capers as follows: "About dark Col. Stevens grew very impatient at the delay and we were told that Longstreet's corps had all passed. Our cars were standing on the siding and we saw that the fires were out on our engine. Finally Col. Stevens determined to take the responsibility of going ahead, but we could not find the engineer. He, Col. Colquitt. (who yielded up his life the next day) and myself set out to look him up and found him asleep in a house and roused him up. He said he had had no sleep or rest for days and could not run his engine; said it was out of order, etc. Col. Stevens drew his pistol, but that did not move him, and then he told him that he would put a man on the engine to run it, and men to fire it, and when it was ready if he did not come and take charge he would kill him. The poor fellow said he would not and could not undertake the responsibility of the lives of the soldiers in his exhausted state. Col Stevens put a railroad man(I think from Company A. 24th South Carolina regiment) in charge of the engine, we fired her up and when we were ready to start, were forced the engineto take the direction of the crew we furnished, and we got off, carrying the 24th South Carolina regiment, part of the 46th Georgia regiment and the 8th Georgia Battalion."

To run the short distance to Catoosa Woodshed took until 10 o'clock the next morning, now made in about one hour. There the regiment waited for the rest of the brigade to come up and waited in vain. In sound of the guns from the battlefield they could wait no longer, so about 4 o'clolk in the afternoon moved forward to cross the Chickamauga at Alexander's bridge. The march was impeded all night by the ordnance wagons under their charge, which were being carried to the front. After marching all night and having passed "two terrible nights and a day never to be forgotten," worn, hungry, exhausted, they reached the battlefield about sunrise. By 11 o'clock these brave, but weary, men were in the storm of battle. This galling effort to reach the battlefield was exceeded by the sacrifices made and valor shown when charging

the "Bloody Angle." King's brigade of the United States regulars, ocupied the bloody angle. This fatal spot was toward the left of the Union line, east of the Lafayette road on Kelly's farm, opposite the Kelly house. The line was sharply refused and run west at about right angles to the general line. The position was on the crest of the hill, with the ground sloping off gently to the Confederate lines. It had been fortified with felled trees, rails, etc, making a strong breastwork. Helm's brigade made three gallant, charges, but were repulsed. Gist's small, but heroic brigade, only about nine hundred strong, was then sent to attack the point.

The tweny-fourth South Carolina regiment was on the left of the brigade, which struck just to the north of the re-entering angle. With terrific effect the enfilading fire of the enemy carried death down the lines. The Twenty-fourth, from its position, caught the brunt of the storm of battle. The regiment changed front to conform to the line of the Union breastworks and gallantly charged on them. But the fire was more than man could stand, no progress could be made, so Gen. Gist was forced to withdraw the troops.

At about 5 o'clock P. M. the gallant boys again moved forward, with the advance of the entire right of the army, driving on victoriously until night closed over the field of strife.

That the regiment lost all of its field officers wounded, its adjutant killed, and 169 out of less than 400 carried into the fight, and was finally commanded by a captain, Capt. D. F. Hill, attests the severity of the day's battle and the undaunted courage of its men.

Though this magnificent fighting on the enemy's left failed in any direct result to the Confederates, yet it contributed much to the success of the day. This attack forced the enemy to move at least three divisions from his centre and right, and thus weakened his right and opened the way for the successful assault of the Confederate left wing.

The 24th South Carolina regiment and the 16th South Carolina regiment, which had rejoined the brigade, took part in the movements around Chattanooga which followed, and finally—in the battle oliMissionary Ridge, where they were on the right again. They were a part of the force which successfully defended Tunnel Hill against the attack of Sherman and did it with the most determined courage. They took part with Stevenson's and Gist's divisions in that glorious charge, which drove the enemy into the valley, capturing eight stands of colors and five hundred prisoners.

After the left of the army had been driven away they were

in the line formed across Missionary Ridge and checked the advance of the enemy. When retired they were in the rear guard, protecting Bragg's retreat, and in the final struggle at Ringold checked the advancing enemy.

Ringold! The Alpha and Omega of Bragg's career as a great Confederate leader. On his advance in the Kentucky campaign, soon after he took command of the army and when he carried the Confederate arms victoriously to the banks of the Ohio, Ringold, Ga., was the first point at which he met the enemy. After the disaster of Missionary Ridge it was the last point where the army he commanded met and checked the enemy. His career ended on the very spot where he commenced. He was the only Confederate general, commanding a large army, who never lost a foot of Confederate territory, but what he had previously taken from the enemy.

Attached to McNair's brigade, Johnson's division, of the noble men who had so long upheld the glory and success of the Confederate arms on the battlefields of Virginia, was Culpepper's battery. This was the only South Carolina battery which was on the field of Chickamauga. They had reached the battlefield early and participated in the battles of the 18th and 19th, following the movements of their brigade and doing valuable service. On the morning of the 20th of September they took part in the repulse of an attack on McNair's brigade at 9:30 A. M. The field of Chickamauga was not one which gave much scope for the employment of artillery. Many batteries did not fire a shot.

When the general advance took place, about 11 o'clock, Gen. Law placed the guns of Culpepper's battery in position with his guns, two guns on the Poe field, about 75 yards north of the spot on which stands the magnificent testimonial erected by Georgia to her gallant sons. The other two guns were west of the Lafayette road, near the Brotherton house. The guns were handsomely served and thundered forth against the ranks of the enemy. The victorious rush of the Confederates carried the battle far from the position assigned the battery, and as they could not be used on the hilly ground over which their brigade was fighting, they were retained in their position and lost the opportunity of further participating in the events which crowned the Confederate arms with victory.

After the battle they were moved up to Chattanooga, but, being sent off with Longstreet to East Tennessee, they did not participate in the battle of Missionary Ridge.

Kershaw's brigade of gallant South Carolinians, of the army of Northern Virginia, who had covered themselves with im-

South Carolina Monument, Chickamauga Battlefield

perishable renown on many a field, were brought up, a part of Hood's division. They reached the battlefield during the night of September 19, crossing at Alexander's bridge. In the formation of the morning of the 20th they were in reserve and in rear of McLaw's division in the wooded country east of the Lafayette road.

At about 11 A. M. they promptly responded to the command, "Forward," and crossed the Lafayette road, near the Brotherton house. The order of formation of the regiments, all South Carolinians, from right to left was 8th, 15th, 7th, 3d, James' battalion, 2nd. They entered the Dyer field, which stretches out to our east, but soon changed front to the right, to conform to the enemy's line. The wheel was made on the 3d South Carolina regiment. The enemy were in strong position, at the foot of, and on the heights of, the very hill on which the South Carolina monument is placed. The gallant boys move forward with a cheer, are met with a deadly fire, but driving the enemy before them, passing over the very ground on which we now stand, and sweep on to the foot of Snodgrass Hill. This spot for the South Carolina monument was selected because it has been hallowed by the blood of South Carolina.

In making this movement the 8th South Carolina regiment obliqued so far to right, but always towards the enemy, as to leave a gap, which was filled by Humphrey's brigade. A further gap was made between the 7th and 15th South Carolina regiments, which was filled by the 15th Alabama regiment, Col. Oates.

At 3 o'clock Kershaw's clarion voice calls out the advance and his devoted command press forward to the attack of the enemy in their breastwork on the crest of Snodgrass Hill. But repeated attacks were as fruitless as those against all other parts of the enemy's lines, where he stood as the Rock of Gibraltar. Nothing discouraged, with ranks decimated, with ammunition almost exhausted, they kept up the fight. Gen. Longstreet, referring to this in his report, says: "Kershaw made a most handsome attack on the heights at the Snodgrass house."

At 4:30 the 8th, 15th and 2nd South Carolina regiments, the other regiments of Kershaw being out of ammunition and held in reserve, with McNair's brigade and Preston's division, made a most determined attack on the enemy. Gen. Kershaw says of this attack: "This was one of the heaviest attacks of the war on a single point. The brigades went in in magnificent order. Gen. Gracie, under my own eye, led his brigade, now for the first time under fire, most gallantly and

efficiently. For more than an hour and a half the struggle continued with unabated fury. It terminated at sunset, the 2nd South Carolina being among the last to retire."

That night they bivouacked on the field of glory and the next day moved up to Chattanooga They were engaged at various points about Chattanooga, but as they went with Longstreet to East Tennessee, they had no part in the battle of Missionary Ridge.

Far over to the left of the Co ıfederate lines, the good name and high reputation of South Carolina was nobly maintained by the 10th and 19th South Carolina regiment. This regiment formed the right of Manigault's brigade, Hindman's division. The two regiments having in their previous campaigns been reduced in numbers were consolidated into one, under the leadership of the gallant Col. James F. Pressley.

The regiment participated in the preliminary manoeuvres which led up to the battle of Chickamauga. On September 18, with their brigade, they were in an open field south of Chickamauga River, near Lee and Gordon's mill, taking part in the feint for a proposed crossing at that point—while Bragg made his true crossing to the right, further down the river. Some little firing took place—enough to make the position uncomfortable.

On the afternoon of the next day, September 19, they were moved across the river at Hunt's Ford, debouching on the battlefield and relieving some of Longstreet's troops How envious we were of the fresh, new, natty uniforms of our comrades from Virginia. We did not know that a Confederate soldier could be dressed so well. Their neat gray uniforms were in sad contrast with our worn, varied, shabby homespun clothing. But, thank God, equally brave hearts, devoted to their cause and their country, beat under their jackets of gray and our homespun suits.

The line was formed in the wooded country about half a mile to the east of the Lafayette road They had no part in the active fighting of that day.

The momentous morn of September 20, 1863, broke fair and found everything ready for the attack, which had been ordered for daylight, commencing on the right. They waited patiently and only were ordered forward about 11 o'clock. The Lafayette road was crossed between the Vineyard and Brotherton house, and the 10th and 19th South Carolina regiment struck a patch of woods which have since been cut away, the left regiments of the brigade advancing through the open field leading up to the Widow Glenn's house.

The 10th and 19th South Carolina regiment moved steadily forward, struck the enemy's line, were received with a terrific welcome, but pushed their opponents back, and with Deas' and Anderson's Brigades of the Division pressed onward. They passed to the right of the "Bloody Pond," and the blood of South Carolina's sons in part gives it its fearful name. Driving the enemy across the Crawfish Spring road and to the crest of the hills to the west of the present railroad, and only halted when ordered to do so. They had driven the enemy about one mile. T ey were recalled and rejoined the brigade on the Crawfish Spring road.

Now they were moved to the scene of the most magnificent valor of this bloody fight. Excuse me—as to the events which follow I speak as an eye witness, interested and disinterested in the regiment. I was at that time Adjutant General of the brigade and so not a member of the regiment. But I had entered service as the adjutant of the 10th South Carolina regiment, subsequently was its lieutenant-colonel, and surrendered as commander of the two regiments again consolidated. That afternoon I was with the regiment almost uninterruptedly during its fight on Snodgrass Hill.

On Snodgrass Hill the regiment formed the extreme left of the Confederate battle. A brigade and the left regiments of our brigade went in on their left, but, having failed in their attack, left the gallant South Carolinians on the extreme left.

They were formed at the foot of a spur of the range, near the Vittetoe house, and moved up to the crest of the ridge. Dent's battery—a tower of strength—was on the line of the regiment during the whole afternoon. The enemy's line was some distance back on the range, with a battery in their line. As you came up from Lytle Station you saw, near the Vittetoe house, the tablet marking where the 10th and 19th South Carolina regiments, of Manigault's brigade, went up, and on the crest of the range is a battery, marking the position of Dent's battery, and this was the base line of the position from which the regiment advanced. The marker, which the State has erected, is considerably in advance, marking the spot of the furthest advance in the afternoon's battle.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of September 20 the order for assault was given and cheerfully and valorously responded to. The gallant Carolinians charged the enemy, but were driven back and were followed by the equally gallant men of Illinois and Ohio, of Mitchell's brigade, Sherman's division, until Dent's guns were unmasked and their fire checked the enemy. The Carolinians rally, turn, drive back their opponents, until

the guns of Battery M, 1st Illinois light artillery open, and in turn, forced them back. The whole afternoon was a repetition of such movements, each side backward and forward, with the most determined bravery and persistence, until as the sun set the enemy retired and left the Confederates in possession of the field. This fight was to the left of Gen. Bushrod Johnson's and the 10th and 19th South Carolina regiments—not, however, under Colonel Reed, as stated in his report - were the two regiments which General Johnson says "participated in the invincible spirit which fired our men and continued to fight with us."

The fierceness and effectiveness of the fire at this point was shown by the large trees which were cut down by minie balls.

The firing having ceased in the front, the regiment was moved forward to find the enemy, but he had gone, and it bivouacked for the night about half a mile in advance, on the east slope of the range, overlooking the Kelly field, and rested on a well earned and splendid victory.

The army moved up to Chattanooga and invested the city' staying there until the battle of Missionary Ridge, or Chattanooga.

At Missionary Ridge, at least in that part of the line defended by Hindman's division, the main line of the works was at the crest of the ridge, with an advanced line in the valley at its foot. The 10th and 19th South Carolina regiment was about opposite Orchard Knob. In this line, at the foot of the ridge, the 10th and 19th South Carolina regiment was placed with positive and clear instructions to retire to the line at the crest as soon as the enemy made an advance in force. When this came the men tiringly and under a heavy fire, wearily dragged themselves up to the works at the crest. The position of Deas's brigade was on the hill, near the present De-Long Tower. The 10th and 19th South Carolina regiment was just to its left, its right resting on the hollow between that hill and the one occupied by Manigault. The breastworks of Manigault's brigade had been placed so far to the front that from them the men could sweep the entire slope of the ridge. No enemy came up the ridge in its front.

It was a magnificent sight from the top of the ridge to see the enemy moving out in splendid order. The plain was open and all could be seen It really seemed as if the whole plain had been covered with a blue veil. It was not to be wondered at, a remark which was made. A gallant fellow, looking at the vast hosts of the enemy steadily advancing, said that he was willing to fight the Yankees two to one, or three to one,

and he would risk four to one, but when he heard old Grant standing on Orchard Knob call out, "Attention World; by Nations, right and left wheel." he really thought he could with great propriety retire. But with all these mighty hosts advancing and pressing on, that soldier did not retire until his officers told him to do so.

The brigade on the left of Manigault is driven from its works and the enemy press his left and threaten to envelop it. The brigade on his right then gives way and the enemy threaten to surround him, also on the right. General Manigault gives the order to retire, The 10th and 19th South Carolina regiment barely escape capture from the enemy on their right. They reluctantly abandoned a position which, so far as a front attack was concerned, had proved impregnable.

The gallant South Carolinians were not driven out of their first line, only retiring as ordered. They were not driven from the line at the crest. No enemy ever came up that ridge in the front and only threatened capture from the enemy, who broke the Confederates on the right and on the left, caused them to be withdrawn—under orders and necessity. So far as the foe in their front was pushing them, they could have been there today.

At the east foot of the ridge they formed a line, but the enemy advancing no further, after dark they were quietly withdrawn across the Chickamauga River

The gallant men of Jenkins's brigade, consisting of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, Hampton Legion, 1st 2nd, 5th and 6th South Carolina regiments, who had won imperishable renown in the Army of Northern Virginia, arrived too late to take part in the struggle at Chickamauga. And this brigade was sent off with Longstreet to East Tennessee before the battles around Chattanooga. So they took no part in the two great battles which this park commemorates. They were, however, engaged in the night fight, October 28, 1863, in the Wauhatchie Valley, under the the leadership of the fearless and skilful Bratton. The enemy had secured Brown's Ferry, opening the road for the relief of Chattanooga, and a portion of Hooker's corps, making its way from Bridgeport toward that point, went into camp for the night near Wauh tchie. It was determined to cut off this party by a night attack.

Jenkins's brigade acted with its accustomed gallantry, but the odds were against the movement and it failed of the hoped for results. In that fight many a brave South Carolinian gave his life for his cause, drenching with his blood the soil of Tennessee. The loss of the brigade was 356 and of this loss

113—about one-third—fell on one-sixth of the command of the noble 5th South Carolina regiment, led by the intrepid Asbury Coward.

If Confederate gallantry could have saved that fight Jenkins's noble men would have done it and added lustre to the Confederate arms, and made a success that which was otherwise doomed to a failure.

I have thus briefly sketched the movements of the South Carolinians who on this great battlefield so nobly upheld lhe honor of their State. The sons of nearly every State, North and South, achieved on this field a heritage as glorious for each of their mothers There were thousands of acts of heroism as brilliant as those I have recited. This park then surely marks one of the most historic spots in our broad country. Where we are now gathered was won the glorious Confederate victory of Chickamauga. In this park and almost within sight of us now, was achieved the Union victory of Chattanooga. Combats which made the very earth shake with the conflict of arms and heavens weep over the moans of the dying.

No place in our country could by more appropriately consecrated to the unparalleled valor of the American soldier. It was the only ground where, in that tremendous conflict. each side won a signal and decisive victory, under almost similar conditions and with like results. In each the attacking party advanced and fought first over level country, and made their final struggle on the hill tops of Snodgrass Hill or Missionary Ridge. In each battle a decided and unquestioned victory was won After each the victor was so exhausted by his efforts that he did not again quickly strike his beaten enemy. Here then, on this spot, consecrated by equal valor and similar victory, can we all meet.

The design to consecrate this park to the valor of the Confederate and Union soldier—together, the American soldier—whose glory is the common heritage of our country, was conceived in a most liberal spirit and has been carried out with even greater liberality.

On every tablet and mark placed by the commission on this battlefield, in every attention given to the visiting Veteran, the utmost impartiality has been shown. Well have those who have been charged with the arrangements and government of the park carried out the catholic intention of those who conceived and planned this magnificent tribute to American—not sectional—valor. To the broad minds of Generals Ferd, Van Derveer and Henry V Boynton do we owe the conception of the idea. To their indomitable energy, assisted

by many Union and Confederate Veterans and statesmen, we owe the accomplishment of their plan for this great national park.

In addressing the first meeting to inaugurate the movement General Boynton said that, when riding over the battlefield in the summer of 1888, with General Van Derveer, "there rolled back on the mind the unequalled fighting of that thin and contracted line of heroes, and the magnificent Confederate assaults which swept in upon us time and again and ceaselessly, and that service of all the gods of war went on throughout those Sabbath hours.

Then thinking of our Union lines alone—we said to each other: "This field should be a Western Gettysburg—a Chickamauga memorial."

It was but a flash forward in thought to the present plan and the proposition became, "Aye, it should be more than Gettysburg with its monuments along one side alone; the lines of both armies should be equally marked."

General Boynton further says:

"I stood silent thinking of that unsurpassed Confederate fighting, and my heart thanked God that the men who were equal to such endeavors on the battlefield were Americans. Let all lines be marked—let the whole unbroken history of such a field be carefully preserved."

Thus in the very birth of the scheme was breathed justice to all. The originators further announced, endorsing the grand and liberal sentiments ot General Boynton. "There was no more magnificent fighting during the war than both armies did here. Both sides might well unite in preserving the field where both, in a military sense, won such renown." Wonderfully has this forecast been fulfilled. In the very formation of the commission a place was given to a distinguished Confederate General, our own dearly beloved Stewart, and thus was shown the broad spirit designed.

Without detracting one iota from the credit due to all who have been members of the commission, permit me further to say, and all veterans who have visited the field will, I know, endorse me, that the magnificent results obtained here are chiefly due to the courtesy, the patience, the noble persistence and thorough impartiality of the present chairman of the commission, Gen. Henry V. Boynton.

This is one of the places owned and controlled by the United States Government, linked to the memory of great Confederate struggles, where we good old Confederates are made to feel that we are entirely at home. That we have a right to be

here. That we have a perfeet right to erect a monument to the valor of South Carolina's Confederate soldiery by the very side of one to the gallant men who upheld the Stars and Stripes.

Brother Confederate Veterans, you will see on this battlefield what none of us, as we went sadly home in 1865, ever dreamed of seeing. Witness the splendid monuments to our fallen Confederate brigade commanders, erected by the United States Government. And when you look at similar monuments to the fallen Union Generals you will find not a particle of difference. The Confederate and Union hero has been treated alike.

It is a grand privilege to live under a free and liberal government, which within a brief space of the close of the most gigantic and bitter struggle, does honor to its former enemies. It has invited us, but a short time since fighting against it, to consecrate in a park, by it founded and controlled, the monument which we today dedicate—to the worth and valor of those who were not long since its enemies. Comrades, why can this be? It is possible because your forefathers and theirs planted deep in the hearts of the people of this country, which they founded and nourished, a love of justice, liberality and freedom. It is because the splendid heroism you showed on this and a hundred other battlefields has won the admiration of your fellow-citizens, aye, of the whole world.

I stand on this sacred spot, under the very folds of the Star Spangled Banner, in the presence of the representatives of our great Government—standing thus, I say that I am proud that I was a Confederate soldier—I am proud that I was one of those who helped make the Confederate glories of Chickamauga. Feeling thus, I thank God, that the time has come when I can, with such surroundings, say this, without my loyalty to the United States being questioned, nor my faithfulness to the glorious past of the Confederacy being doubted.

May the lessons learned here today make us all better and, if such be possible, truer citizens of our great country, which here honors the Confederate soldier.

All was not lost at Appomattox or at Greensboro. The Confederate soldier acknowledged his defeat like a man. And when peace again spread its wings over our fair land his best talents, energy and industry were devoted to the upbuilding of the land he loved. Grand as was the struggle of the Confederacy, a thousand times grander was the struggle of her sons, in peace and loyalty to rebuild their ruined firesides, reconstruct the social life which had been shattered, make their families once more happy, and this, their country, the home

of freedom, liberty and prosperity. Our immortal Lee said that the sublimest word in the English language was "duty". As the old Confederate did his whole duty to the Confederacy, he has done his full duty to the United States.

We Confederates from 1861–65 followed Lee amid the storms of battle. We have faithfully carried out his noble admonition, expressed in 1865: "It is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony." That you, my brave comrades, have honestly and successfully done this is evidenced by this day's proceedings.

There stands no truer indication of the peace you have maintained nor the harmony you have cultivated than the fact that I can, and that I am willing, to pay this tribute to the Confederate dead and the heroism of the gallant sons of Carolina under the protection and under the very folds of the flag which we then strove to pull down. The monument which South Carolina erected and today unveils stands an immortal tribute, not only to the valor of her sons who fought on this historic battlefield, but to the peace and harmony which now blesses our land.

"There's a grandeur in graves—there's a glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night, looms the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the warpath of Might
Shall yet be a rock in the Temple of Right.

The Governor then introduced Hon. D. S. Henderson. a member of the Senate of South Carolina, who spoke as follows:

SENATOR D. S. HENDERSON.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Americans, through all stages and periods of their history, have fought, and ever will fight, for the preservation of what they honestly believe to be founded in principle. From the byways and hedges of Lexington to the marshes of Yorktown our forefathers fought to establish the equal rights of men against the exactions and encroachments of tyrants. The blood of Warren sprinkled on the green sward of Bunker Hill, and the blood of Jasper, bespattering the ramparts of Savannah, were alike sacrifices upon the altar of patriotism for love of liberty.

The blood of the brave McPherson freely shed on the plains

of Atlanta; and the blood of the immortal Stonewall Jackson, running freely amid the fastnesses of the Wilderness on that fatal night, were alike unstinted offerings of devotion to duty, and conscientious conviction of right.

Neither were rebels. Both were patriots. As much so as the heroic Warren or the brave Jasper.

When the din and turmoil of the Revolutionary struggle had comparatively subsided, the separate and independent colonies entered into "Articles of Confederation" and a "Federal Constitution," in every line and sentence of which, and in every utterance of debate from which they emanated, is written the understanding, that the union was voluntary, with each State remaining a separate entity; and such powers alone were given the Union as were expressed and set forth. All others were reserved to the States and their citizens.

Time rolled on. Prosperity followed adversity. The impetus of Freedom gave momentum and push to the engines of development and enterprise. Individual aggrandizement and sectional interest brought on political turmoil and unrest. Right or wrong the whole country was in a fermentation. The one side asserting the "indissoluble Union," the other asserting the "Indestructiable States."

South Carolina, whom in part I represent on this auspicious occasion, (the home of John Rutledge, one of the first Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; the home of that eminent Pinckney whose enunciation, "Millions for defense, not a cent for tribute," will ever be a paean in the cause of freedom); South Carolina on the 20th of December, 1860, by solemn conventional action, retired from that confederacy, which she had voluntarily joined and to which she had freely contributed of blood and treasure.

In the ides of the following April the first guns "of the war between the States," reverberated in the harbor of old Charleston.

The North armed to sustain its views of the union. The South armed to sustain its ideas of the sovereignty of the States and freedom of action

As that great Englishman, an impartial witness, Lord Wolseley, has truly expressed it, "The true cause of the conflict was antagonism between the spirit of Federalism and the principles of State's Rights"

Bull Run ran red with the gore of brothers "On to Richmond" was the cry in the East. "On to Atlanta" the cry in the West.

The sanctity of our homes and our hearthstones; the exercise

of home rule and home government aroused every energy of the South; and from "the cradle to the grave" the call to arms was heartily obeyed.

"They left the ploughshare in the mould,
The flocks and herds without a fold"

Through the clover fields of that grand green valley of old Virginia the tocsin of the dread struggle sounded and surged. Marathon and Thermopylæ, Pharsalia and Cannæ, were surpassed in glory and heroism.

The scene shifts beyond the beautiful blue mountains. Gaines' Mill and Frazier's Farm and Malvern Hill, are enveloped with the smoke and turmoil of the fray. Never did ancient warriors, whether Grecian, Roman, or Macedonian, show greater courage and fortitude than that which the American soldier on both sides exhibited on these ensanguined fields.

No mediaeval Cavalier with burnished armor and drawn scimeter ever felt the patriotism that animated the bonnie boys of the Southland who tramped victorious over the Seven Days battlefields around Richmond.

Again Manassas shouts forth the horrible sounds of perilous battle, and goes down into history as a victory for the immortal Lee, more illustrious than Montibello or Solferino were to the great Bonaparte.

McClellan, with his almost countless thousands, again grapples with the hardy veterans along the waters of the Antietam; and sharp and fearful is the carnage.

The God of Battles himself must have wept over the fearful destruction of American manhood.

At Fredericksburg the heroic life of Maxcy Gregg, Carolina's great soldier, and that of Tom Cobb, Georgia's valiant son, flowed out; and the myriads of Burnside were as easily driven back as those of Xerxes in the olden times.

Chancellorsville, with its great victory but its sad loss, looms up. Jackson passed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees; and Jeb Stuart with his flowing plume and keen Damascan blade led the Stonewall brigade and their associates to victory with as much dash as ever did Henry of Navarre, the lion-hearted Richard or the impetuous Murat.

We crossed the river once more!

Around the Cemetery heights and Seminary Ridge the alarm of war broke loose with its most terrible vigor. The defensive had been transferred to the North; and when Pickett and his veterans were decimated, and the tide of fate bore back his bleeding columns, Robert E. Lee met them amid the crash-

ing shells and crushing shot, and told them in that manly moral, heroic manner, "It is not your fault boys, it is all mine."

"Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

From the beginning of the struggle, in the Great West, where the hardy frontiersmen of the North met the sturdy huntsmen of the South, the combat was more equal, exacting, and uncertain.

Donelson, Henry, and Vicksburg with their misfortunes and mistakes passed into history.

Shiloh, with its two days of burning achievement electrified the world as an exhibition of the battle power of American manhood. Its first day of glorious victory to the South, dimmed only when "freedom shrieked" as Sidney Johnston fell, was scarcely overbalanced by the success of the second day to the North, brought about chiefly by that pertinancity, stern determination, and confidence which characterized U. S. Grant as a born leader of men.

The Gray and the Blue grappled together on many a gory field from the Mississippi to the Tennessee. The Stars and Bars and Stars and Stripes waved defiance at each other across many a ravine of that grand region. Bedford Forrest, "the noblest Roman of them all," led his troopers triumphant from one end to the other.

In the crucial year of 1863 when the shortening days of September came, and the halo of the Indian summer was creeping over this favored region of Georgia and Tennessee, the electric batteries of horrid war stirred the lethean waters of this "River of Death," and its searchlights illuminated these grand overhanging mountain peaks with a luridness never to be forgotten. Once again as in its legendary historic past, old Chickamauga became the tramping ground of hosts of men embraced in an ensanguined struggle for annihilation and destruction Both sides were ably led. Both sides fought nobly. Both sides conscientiously acted. All of them patriots; none of them rebels.

Lee had detached, from Virginia, and sent his great Corp Commander, Longstreet, with his hardened veterans to aid the Confederate Chieftain, Braxton Bragg, (he the same Captain Bragg who under the Stars and Stripes at the bloody Mexican battle of Buena Vista, had received and valiantly carried out the memorable order of Gen. Taylor, "Give them a little more grape, Capt. Bragg.")

Grant had hurried forward the flower of the Western Army to the aid of the Federal Commander, Rosecrans. "And when the mists had rolled away" on that autumnal Sabbath morn of the second day and revealed the serried ranks of the opposing hosts to each. other, it was a sight before which the Sun of Austerilitz would have dimmed, and a sight to which the old Guard of Napoleon and the English Squares of the Iron Duke at Waterloo, opposing each other, was but a circumstance.

What was done—what deeds of daring were achieved—what charges and counter-charges were developed—how batteries were handled with wonderful scientific skill—how battalions of infantry and squadrons of cavalry covered themselves with glory—how particular commands and individual commanders especially distinguished themselves, those who were here and mingled in the fray can better tell than I.

The carnage of the contest best tells the tale of the fighting 16,179 on the side of the Federals; 17,804 on the side of the Confederates.

When nightfall came the complete discomfiture of the Federal Army was arrested only by the intrepid stand of George H. Thomas. himself a Virginian, who has gone down into history as the "Rock of Chickamauga," and whose name as an imperturbable leader of fighting men should be written high in the gallery of fame.

How those who perished here, whose blood darkened these slopes, ravines, and hillsides, are revered by their people at home, is told in mute and silent language by the monumental spires that have been erected in this National Park by sixteen of the States of this reunited Union at the aggregate cost of $506,000

It was certainly a befitting and magnanimous act on the part of the Government of the United States to permit the establishment of a National Park on this battlefield where the Confederates obtained the advantage, and especially when the Act of Congress permits both sides to mark their lines of battle and to erect monuments over their gallant dead The South has accepted the opportunity and joins in the spirit of reconciliation.

She did her best. Whatever she had of blood, of treasure, of spirit and love, she unstintedly laid upon the altar as a sacrifice for love of freedom and liberty of conscience.

What Courts and Constitutions and Conventions and Congresses and Presidents could not do, it took the arbitrament of stern war to do. The "Indissoluble Union" on the one side, and "indestructible States" on the other side, have become the "indissoluble Union" of "indestructible States."

Whoever else we may fight, as an American people we will never again fight ourselves. Dissensions and strifes and turmoils, begotten of political fermentations and upheavals, will come; but the question of the separate action of the States (whilst they had their rights, which exist and are respected every day by the Courts and the Government) is settled for all time.

Today the Palmetto State, the grand old Commonwealth of South Carolina, as a member of the American Union, comes to this shrine of sacrifice, this altar of freedom, where the pride and glory of her yeomanry shed their blood, to show her appreciation of their patriotic endeavors.

True, she was the "cradle of secession," but she always was, and always will be, a leader in conscientious action; and her history of patriotic devotion to duty has been open to the world from the time she joined with Massachusetts in defying the tyranny of "taxation without representation" to the present time.

For her devotion to republican principles as fairly understood by our forefathers, let the bones of her sons who perished at Kings Mountain, at Cowpens, at Eutaw, and at the Palmetto Fort, speak! For her determination to perpetuate those principles let the blood of Bonham who perished at the Alamo, and the Palmetto boys who fell with Butler amid the halls of the Montezumas speak!

For her firm determination to stand, and to die for what she conscientiously believed to be right, let the trail of her dead and wounded in the war between the States from the Potomac to the Rio Grande speak!

"Carolina's dead, Carolina's dead
On every hill they lie."

In Virginia her spirit was evinced by the brave boys led by such men as Hampton and Butler and Gary and McGowan and Hagood.

Ripley and Elliott, Rhett and Mitchell, Gilliard and Huegenin, and their noble boys stood amid the crumbling walls of Sumter for four years and never surrendered.

And here, right here, amid the crashing of arms, the martial muster of battle and the terrifying trials of the fray, Joseph B. Kershaw, States Gist, Ellison Capers, Irvine Walker, Arthur M. Manigault, John D. Kennedy, and those chivalric warriors, Elbert Bland and John S. Hard, who fell with their faces to the foe within a few feet of the place where we now stand; and those other brave gentlemen who led her boys to

victory on this spot, illustrated the spirit of Carolina, always prepared to do her duty.

The granite shaft has not yet been cut that would be tall enough to commemorate the deeds of her private soldiery.

Her white voting population in 1860 was 58,000, yet she sent to the war 65,000 soldiers, rank and file. There is no parallel in history to such a record.

From the first bud of youthful manhood to the gray haired fathers, they went without a murmur, and fifty per cent. were killed and wounded.

Let the Palmetto tree which stands as the cap piece to yonde monument, remain there forever as the memorial of her veneration for the deeds of her brave boys; and when in after years Carolinians of another age stop here to view it, let them in memory recall the fact that on the monument erected at her capitol city, Columbia, by the women of her State to the Confederate dead, is graven that wonderful sentence so powerfully put by the polished John S. Preston, which applies to all alike, there and here: "Let the stranger who may in after times read this inscription recognize that these were men whom power could not corrupt, whom death could not terrify, whom defeat could not dishonor, and let their virtues plead for just judgment of the cause in which they perished Let the South Carolinian of another generation remember that the State taught them how to live and how to die, and from her broken fortunes she has preserved for her children the priceless treasure of her memory, teaching all who may claim the same birthright, that truth, courage, and patriotism endure forever."

One more word and I have finished. In this bivouac of the dead, where these silent sentinels, commemorating the love of the living for the departed heroes, lift their heads to high heaven in testimony thereof, we have assembled on this auspicious occasion not as Confederates or Federals, but as Americans, and the survivors of the heroes of both sides, who thirty-six years ago laid aside their arms and returned to the peaceful vocations of life, realizing the fact with satisfaction and pride that they are component parts of the greatest Union of the world.

The South in that period, by earnest endeavor and a candid realization of her situation, without surrender of her opinions, but in the true manly spirit of reconciliation, has resuscitated her waste places and energies much more effectually than France has done from the result of the Franco-German war. We live today in an era of industrial advance without a parallel. We are making history each day, and not simply living on the

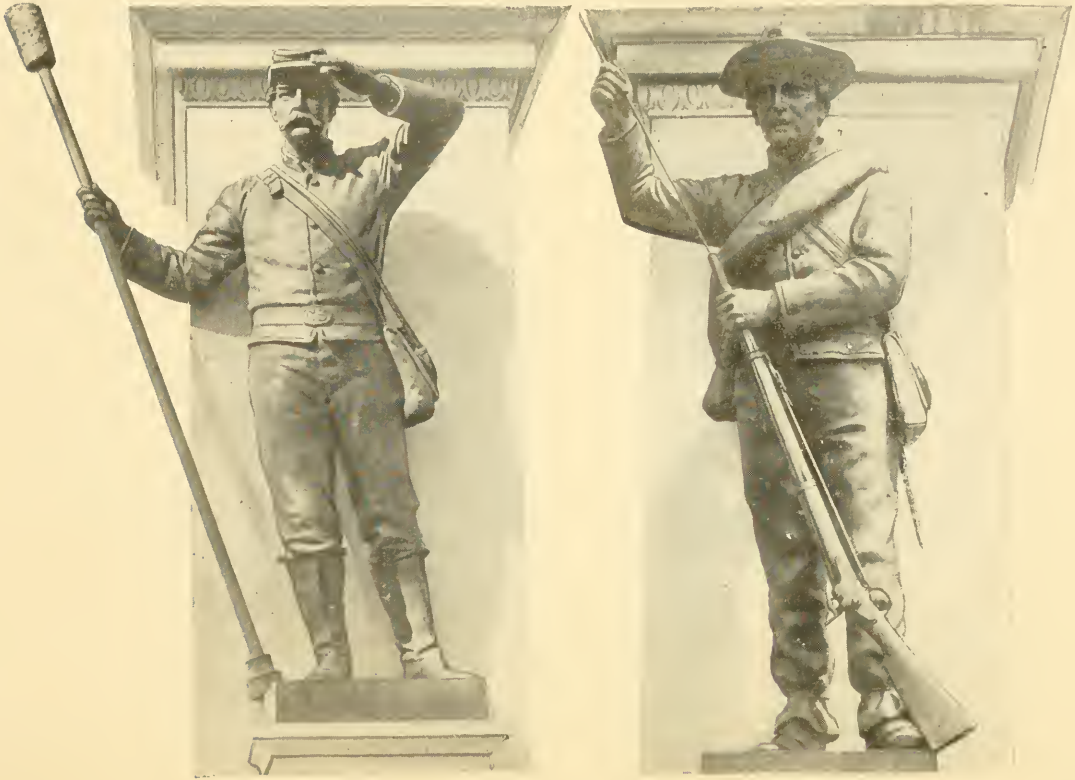
traditions and ideas of the past. Standing in the dawn of the twentieth century, with its allurements of power; with its impedimenta of growing civilization; with its temptations that beset the new giant—our Republic—among the world powers; and the bewitching enticements which our increased responsibility engenders, it behooves us as a people, as a Republic, (especially when pondering over such memories as are brought to our minds at such places as this where we linger today), to look well to our moorings and aspirations, and to consider our destiny. We are equal to any emergency of advancing civilization, if we as a people only keep our peace with God by our voice and conversation.

We must be equal to the demands that progress creates, without evoluting in imperialism, else the dream of our forefathers, that the people should rule and are capable of it, becomes a myth.

We should not be land grabbers or buccaneers for pelf or plunder, but among the nations of the world, boldly asserting our rights to the extension of our commerce under proper treaty relations for the enjoyment of our trade, be content to have the beneficent Monroe Doctrine receive its old-time construction, lest if we extend it to allow us to establish dependencies and colonies elsewhere, the other powers can claim a reciprocal construction for themselves in seizing territory in the Western World.

I stood a few weeks since on one of its busiest, most exciting days, in Wall Street, New York, where the financial pulse of the country, and in fact of the world, can always be felt, and watched with interest that bronze statue of the great Washington erected at that spot where he took the oath of office as the First President of our young Republic, and with his right hand held forward, and in a speaking attitude, he seemed truly typical of that grand warning he gave us in his Farewell Address, never to enter "into entangling alliances with foreign powers."

The kings and emperors; the princes and potentates of kingdoms and empires, kept together by the powers of grand standing armies and navies, sooner or later will need the aid of this people-governed country, which when united can always meet any issue, to wrest them from the rush of arms against each other; but it is better, far better, for us to stand in no compulsory relation with any of them; and free and independent, to act, shaping our own policies based upon pure Democratic principles, and breathing the pure air of national independence and freedom, as typified by our grand mountains,



ARTILLERY. INFANTRY.

Bronze Figures on South Carolina Monument, Chickamauga Battlefield

our rolling rivers, and our marts of development and progress.

To that end let our hopes and actions lead us; and in the vast and increasingly vast aggregation of American citizenship, there is no class that will render more devout loyalty to the onward march of American enterprise and American progress as the rightful fruit of the heritage handed down to us by the fathers, than the survivors and the children of the survivors of the great war between the States; a struggle unequalled in history, ancient or modern, and out of which has come a reconciliation which, we pray God, may be as lasting, as that struggle was gigantic.

Col. J. Harvey Wilson was then introduced and spoke as follows:

Col. J. Harvey Wilson's Address.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and My Fellow-Countrymen: Surrounded by monuments that testify to the valor and heroism of the soldiers of many of her sister States, South Carolina comes to-day to unveil her tribute to her dead. A vast majority of that marshaled host, who nearly thirty-eight years ago met on this heroic field to join the battle have passed into the great unknown, and those who are left bear the indications that ere long they must cross the river and rest on the other side. Cheeks that then wore the bloom of youth, now wear the furrowed marks of time. The elastic step has been changed to the slow gait of age, the locks that were golden brown, or jet have assumed a uniform color, they all wear the silver gray. But notwithstanding the fact, that the evidence of change is stamped on almost everything earthly, we rejoice to know that the love and the reverence that the true soldier has always evinced for his dead comrades, has not been affected by the changes of circumstances, or the ravages of time and that no hearts in this assembly rejoice more in paying honor to the heroic dead than do the hearts of these old veterans, who on their journey to their annual reunion have stopped by the wayside to participate in these ceremonies. For next to the love they cheerish for those endeared to them by the ties of consanguinity, is the love they cherished for those who shared their trials and their dangers; and next to the reverence they feel for their own sainted dead, is the reverence they feel for the men who fell by their side.

Standing on soil made sacred by the blood of many of the brightest, best and bravest of America's sons, and in the presence of some who wore the blue, and others who wore the gray, and

perhaps in the presence of some whose loved ones wore both the blue and the gray, I would not utter a word calculated to rekindle the animosity of the past, or provoke the jealousy of the present. I would rather come in that spirit that breathes—

"Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men,
Peace in the woodland, and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vales.

"Peace on the crowded towns,
Peace in the thousand fields of wavin' grain,
Peace on the highway and the flowery lane,
Peace on the wind-swept lawn.

"Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks the hunter roams,
Peace God of peace, peace, peace, in all our homes,
And peace in all our hearts."

While we rejoice that peace with all of its attendant blessings broods over this fair land of ours, and that the time has come when those who once met on this historic field in deadly strife can now meet in a spirit fraternal and join with each other in honoring the memory of their dead heroes, regardless of the uniform they wore, or the flag beneath which they marched. It is not expected that either the North or South should come with hypocritical apologies on their lips for the part they acted on a field made sacred by blood that was precious alike to both sections. Were we to offer such apologies we would be false to every instinct of our nature; false to the memory of those we have come to honor, and false to truth. We have simply come to honor those who believed they were right and had the courage to die for their convictions. Leaving it to God and the future to determine whether they were right or wrong. Carolinians, you are here on a holy mission, you are here to honor the memory of your precious dead; all civilized people honor their dead by erecting monuments to their memory. Emulating a custom as beautiful as it is old, and as sacred as it is beautiful, you come with granite from your own loved hills, and surrounding it with the proud emblem of your State you declare to all the world that your sons who fell on the battlefield of Chickamauga are worthy of every honor that gratitude can pay to valor, or affection bestow upon those whose memories are enshrined in your hearts. They are your sons "to the manner born." They came from every section of your State, from your rugged mountain heights to where the magnolia blossoms by the sea. They died to uphold the flag you raised. They died to defend the cause

you espoused; with their life's blood they sealed their devotion to the State, and by their death they illustrated your patriotism and vindicated your manhood.

I would like to speak of many of the gallant Carolinians who took part in the engagement here, especially of the knightly Kershaw, who wore with equal credit the uniform and the ermine of his State, of the chivalric Manigault, and the dashing Gist and others who led our battalions in the fight. I would like to speak of the brave Elbert Bland of Houle, and Hard, and others who went to their death charging against "the rock of Chickamauga." They have all passed within the veil. Their names add lustre to the history of their State, and they can justly claim as their monumental beds, the bitterest tears their country sheds. "But I realize the fact, that it is especially fitting, that one who forty years ago volunteered as a private in the ranks, should pay his humble tribute to those who stood behind the guns and whose names "save by some fond few" have been forgotten. History has preserved, and rightly preserved, the names and the fame of those who directed the battle, but of the private soldier—

"No grateful page shall farther tell,
Than that so many bravely fell,
And we can only dimly guess,
What worlds, of all this world's distress,
What utter woe, despair and death,
Their fate has brought to many a heart."

It is true their history has been written in blood across hearts of loving mothers and faithful wives, but these loving mothers and faithful wives are fast passing away. Most of them, e'en now, wear jeweled crowns in that land whose streets are gold and whose gates are pearls. Let the memory of these men be cherished by their country. They are the heroes of a fallen cause. The cause for which they fought is lost, and perhaps lost forever. The flag beneath which they marched has been furled, and furled forever. Some of those who fell on this field carried that flag from your City by the Sea to the rocky heights of Gettysburg and brought it back here, to die beneath its folds. Sometimes that flag waved amid the shouts of victory, sometimes it was shrouded in the gloom of defeat. It was tattered and torn, smoke begimed and battle scarred, but, thank God, in their hands it was never permitted to trail in the dust of dishonor. The shaft we unveil today may not be as imposing as some that surround it, but we have done what we could; it is the loving gift of loving hearts, and shall stand here as a sentinel proclaiming to all the living and to the

generations yet to come, that in life, South Carolina's sons were faithful; in death glorious.

As he concluded the band struck up the "Bonnie Blue Flag."

Then came the man of God and the soldier,

Bishop Ellison Capers,

and tears welled his eyes as he spoke of the tender memories of the very field where he stood. He spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens and Confederate Comrades:

All hail to the monument!

Public monuments are the recognized symbols of worthy history. They are enduring exponents of character. The lessons which high example and honorable history teach are written not alone in the perishable pages of books, or in the fading memories of a generation. True patriotism has ever engraven them in stone, and builded high their immortality in granite and Parian marble.

The monument at Thermopylae, with its simple inscription, "Go, stranger, and tell at Lacedaemon that we died here in obedience to her laws," is held sacred to valor, to honor and to patriotic devotion to country, and has ever taught to all the ages those holy sentiments and noble attributes of the human soul, though the band of Spartans were all slain, and their splendid leader's body hung by Xerxes on a gallows, and their country overrun.

If our monuments had no ethical value; if they were not the symbols of an honest and earnest people in an honest and earnest struggle, they might justly be regarded as signs of disloyalty to the Government which overpowered their efforts, crushed their armies, destroyed their resources, forced the surrender of their cherished hopes and compelled their return to the Union. But our great country knows full well that the men and women who build them consecrate them to the memory of virtue and valor; and that their virtue and valor stand pledged to abide by the union of our country as alike the will and wisdom of an overruling Providence, and the dictate of a consequent duty. If this monument did not commemorate virtue the virtuous could not participate in these ceremonies. If this great occasion could not be recognized by the Government under which we live, no Ex-Confederate soldier who gave his parole of honor when he laid down his arms in a hopeless struggle would be willing to violate a soldier's honor by his participation here today. If this monument fostered the spirit of dis-

cont ent, and was designed to keep alive the ashes of burnt out passions, the faithful followers of our Divine Master could not here assemble, as to a patriotic convocation, and invoke the smile and blessing of Almighty God upon this noble tribute to virtue and to truth.

We feel it good to be here !

There is an odor of sanctity about this battlefield which humbles, and yet exhalts our spirits, and sends us back to our duties and responsibilities with a deeper sense of the truth, that the real value of every great sacrifice is its *moral value*, and not the value of the *prize* for which the sacrifice was made.

The prize may be lost, or torn from an enfeebled hand by a hand more powerful, yet the noble spirit and the real heroism of the sacrifice remain forever !

They live in memory : they live in history: they are with us in our Monuments, to refine our selfishness, to purify our ambitions, to chasten our hopes, and to exalt our courage.

I count it, my fellow citizens, amongst the dearest experiences of my life that I knew my comrades and had the honor of being a fellow soldier with them; that I witnessed their cheerfulness in camp and their splendid courage in the field; that I learned from them some of the best lessons of my life, as I saw them, poorly clad, and poorly fed, and poorly paid, march willingly to their hard tasks and fight their unequal battles. It is an inspiration and strength to the greatest and best to see men die in this high spirit, and his must be a sordid heart that can feel no exaltation of his nature here today when the great Government under which we live, and against which we strove with all our might and main, hails Ex-Confederate soldiers on a battlefield of common glory, and salutes with its triumphant flag the monument South Carolina has erected to Confederate valor.

And now, my countrymen, I have the honor, which I most dearly prize, of directing the unveiling of this sacred monument on this hallowed spot. I shall call the names of four girls from South Carolina who represent the four commands of South Carolina troops who had the honor to share in the sacrifice of this great battlefield. These fair daughters of our mother, the State, with their own faithful hands, will present to your view Carolina's tribute of honor and devotion to her faithful sons.

Representing Kershaw's brigade, Elberta Bland, the granddaughter of Lieut. Col. Elbert Bland, of the 7th South Carolina volunteers, Kershaw's brigade, who fell just yonder, near this spot, leading his gallant regiment in the advance upon Snodgrass Hill.

Representing the 10th and 19th South Carolina regiments, Manigault's brigade, Ada Orie Walker, the grand-daughter of Lieut. Col. C. I. Walker, of the 10th South Carolina volunteers, who has fought the battle over for us as the historical orator of the day.

Representing the 24th South Carolina volunteers, Gist's brigade, Mary Sydnor Dupre, the grand-niece of Col. Clement Henry Stevens, who led the 24th South Carolina volunteers on the extreme Confederate right and who, promoted to the rank of brigadier general, was mortally wounded in front of his brigade at Atlanta on the 20th of July, 1864.

Representing Culpepper's brigade, Miss Elizabeth C. Teague.

Now, young ladies, in the name of your fathers' comrades, and in the name of our mother, the State of South Carolina, I bid you unveil the monument she has here erected to the valor of her soldiers at Chickamauga.

As Gen. Capers concluded his address he presented to the audience one by one the young ladies who were to pull the veil from the monument. They were: For Kershaw's brigade, Miss Elberta Bland; for the 10th and 19th South Carolina, Miss Ada Orie Walker; for the 24th, Miss Marie Dupre; for Culpepper's battery, Miss Elizabeth C. Teague. They were escorted to the monument by Col. James G. Holmes, and as they pulled the curtain there stood exposed the handsome monument.

After the monument had been unveiled Gov. McSweeney introduced Gen. Henry V. Boynton who made the following address:

Gen. Henry V. Boynton's Address.

Fellow Citizens: To all of us this must be an overwhelming scene. Here have met, with cordial greetings, whose sincerity none will question, those who in years which seem but as yesterday, as we stand here and recall them, fought against each other in desperate and long-sustained conflict, as notable as any recorded in the history of wars.

It will give emphasis to these most remarkable surroundings if we try for a moment to picture to ourselves the universal bewilderment of those great hosts who on this vast battlefield gave their lives for their convictions, if at the command of some prophet of this new day they should rise and confront each other in their splendid ranks again, and look around.

What would they say to each other as they learned fact after fact of this park project? That the National Government owned it? That it had erected tablets and markers to Union organizations and Confederate organizations alike? That it had main-

tained for years a commission composed of Union and Confederate Veterans whose earnest charge, under national law, has been to ascertain and impartially record in enduring form the facts of the notable campaigns and battles of this region? That every Southern State, and every Northern State, through commissions chosen by each, have had full voice in determining the records here preserved? That the National Congress has appropriated over a million dollars that these great fields of war might remain for ages as an object lesson of impartial military history illustrating the prowess of Americans in battle?

As Confederate and Union groups spread over the field, how at every step wonder would grow into astonishment as monument after monument from South and North, and tablet after tablet to the men of Rosecrans and the men of Bragg came into view, each telling in exact terms the story of the fight—the troops of every State having their location, and every regiment and battery its impartial history.

If the fallen heroes of South Carolina in these groups which we have summoned from the past, in their wanderings over the field seeking solution of thick sown mysteries, should come upon this gathering, would their amazement be lessened to find the authorities of South Carolina, the banner State of their great war, and crowds of its citizens and Veterans welcomed by the National Government to a national park, and, assisted by representatives of its Secretary of War especially commissioned thereto, dedicating a monument to tell to the ages the proud story of their own heroism in battle?

How should we explain this scene to these heroes whose eyes closed in death a generation ago while this field was rocking in the convulsions of tremendous civil war?

It is a brief story, but no less a most amazing one. Its main points are that the soldiers of each side fought themselves into mutual respect. Then came great industrial developments and closer intermingling of the sections. Then a foreign war, in whose heat the last vestiges of sectionalism were consumed, and Southern and Northern veterans of the civil war and their sons by the hundreds of thousands grasped the flag of the reunited nation and carried it round the earth together.

And as these heroes heard the story its wonders would not at any stage grow less. They would learn that in the great camp which dominated the National Capitol Major Gen. M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, commanded under a commission from the President of the United States. In Cuba and the Philippines they would hear of Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee. They would learn of Shafter and Brooke and James H. Wilson

with Lee and Wheeler in Cuba, or Porto Rico, of Chaffee and Wilson in China, and soldiers from every State of the Union so scattered around the earth with these noted leaders that the sun in its daily course constantly shines on the flag of the great Republic.

There is no such story in history. There was never one which gave such promise of greatness, and grandeur, and good for the race. As thus the panorama of our present national greatness unrolled before them would they not with one accord exclaim: "We builded wiser than we knew, and surely we did not die in vain."

Those acquainted with this field may desire to know why this particular spot is appropriate for a monument to South Carolina soldiers. First, more troops of that State fought together along Snodgrass Hill than any other portion of the field. At one extreme was Kershaw, with his entire brigade of South Carolinians, at the other the 10th and 19th of Manigault. While we must not forget the 24th that threw itself with undaunted courage against the Union log works on the Kelly field, under its distinguished commander, Col. C. H. Stevens, and the present Bishop of South Carolina, or the guns of Culpepper, which pounded their way through the Union lines at the Brotherton house on Sunday, it was here that the flags of South Carolina were thickest, and here that her sons contributed to military story one of the proudest chapters of pluck and endurance to be found in the annals of war.

This record was not won because their magnificent storming lines rushed up these heights twice or thrice, or four times over the wreck and the horrors of each preceding wave; but because from noon until the going down of the sun, time and again these lines formed, pressed upward into the very flame of the rifles on the crest, drew back to the base, reformed and stormed on in wonderful succession till night ended these dreadful pendulum beats of a battle scene which will never pass from the pages of American history.

It is one of the earliest facts connected with the inception of this park project that the memory of South Carolina valor on the slopes of Snodgrass Hill, recalled by Northern veterans revisiting the field and standing there, first suggested and gave enduring form to the idea that this should be a park impartially recording deeds of valor and the whole be wrought out as an object lesson of American prowess in battle.

The first prophecy of such an event as this in which we join today fell from the lips of Gen. Lytle, the union soldier-poet, who commanded a brigade and fell at the head of it in sight of where

we stand. In a speech to his regiment a few days before it marched from Bridgeport towards this field, in accepting a jewelled token of its esteem, among other beautiful and patriotic utterances was this:

"It will be for you above all others * * * to heal up the sores and scars and cover up the bloody foot-prints that war will leave; to bury in oblivion all animosities against your former foe; and, chivalrous as you are brave, standing on stricken fields, forever memorable in history, side by side with the Virginian, the Mississippian, or Alabamian, to carve on bronze or marble the glowing epitaph that tells us of Southern as well as Northern valor."

And here, we comrades of Lytle, stand today with the comrades of Kershaw, Capers and Pressley, and in the presence of South Carolina, as represented by her Chief Magistrate and many public men of renown, look with mutual and equal satisfaction upon the glowing epitaph graven in bronze upon that shaft which tells to us, and will tell to the ages, the tribute which South Carolina pays to the valor of her sons.

Here we stand, not forgetting the past—for veterans can never forget the intensity of those years when they fought for their convictions —yielding each to each a full measure of sincerity; remembering those with whom we marched against each other in those magnificent lines of battle which we have all looked out upon; not forgetting the flags under which we marched, for while one is a memory, it is a memory which every brave man must respect—not forgetting anything except our mutual bitterness, and remembering that a new day has dawned and draws near to its meridian splendors, here we stand, and join our hands as the soldiers of that new day of commercial activity and world-wide renown.

The sneer has vanished which has so long played over the face of Europe when this country was named. In its place are lines of very sober thought. Already the shadow of commercial eclipse is falling upon those nations as the great Republic, with its energies, its resources, its facilities, and its acknowledged military prowess on land and sea, moves steadily on along the path of its destiny between these nations and the sun. And South and North together are pressing on to those fields of national renown which seem to lie along the near horizon.

To you, Governor McSweeney, the members of the park commission desire me to return special thanks and acknowledgment for the interest you have manifested and the efficient aid you have rendered in securing for the Veterans of South Carolina an enduring recognition of the prominence which is

their due on this memorable battlefield. In this work you were most fortunate in the selection of your commission. With no other has the national commission had more pleasant relations. From first to last, both personal conference and the correspondence with your able secretary, Gen. C. I. Walker, have been marked by a friendliness and courtesy which we highly appreciate, and which it has been our constant desire to return in kind. There has been unanimous agreement about locations, and perfect accord over all inscriptions, and thus the work accomplished has the joint endorsement of the monument commission of your State and the national park commission, and has been approved by the Secretary of War.

Commissioned by that Secretary, to whom every Veteran is deeply indebted for the lively interest he has manifested in all our national parks, it only remains for me, acting for him, to receive from the State of South Carolina into the keeping of the nation this, her tribute to those sons who followed her flags and were true to her. However we may have differed upon the questions which summoned the sections to the field of battle, and so into the Court of final earthly resort, no one withholds the meed of praise due the soldierly devotion, the undaunted courage and the splendid deeds of valor which have made famous the name of the American soldier the world around.

None who heard them will forget the uplifting words of that splendid soldier and ardent patriot, Gen. John B. Gordon, the worthy commander-in-chief of the Associated Confederate Veterans, at the dedication of this park. Let me quote a single paragraph, as fitting now as then:

"And what an hour it is, my countrymen. An hour wherein the heroic remnants of the once hostile and now historic armies of the 'sixties meet as brothers—meet on the same field where in furious onset through deadly fire they rushed upon each other—

> When shook these hills with thunder riven,
> And louder than the bolts of heaven,
> Far flashed the red artillery.

"When rank was piled on rank, borne down by storms of lead until Chickamauga's waters ran red with blood. What an hour, I repeat, is this, wherein these once warring heroes meet to lay in mutual confidence and respect their joint trophies on the common altar—meet at the bidding of the common Government to dedicate by joint action Chickamauga's field to common memories and the immortal honor of all."

Equally fitting and appropriate to this occasion were the

words of Tennessee's eloquent Senator and most brilliant soldier on this field, Gen. William B. Bate, who said:

"We have assembled on these glorious battlefields for the preservation and perpetuation of sacred memories; to treasure the recollections of heroic deeds; to compare in friendly criticism our past actions, and advance by lessons to be learned here the common glory of our common country. Here, within sight of this stand, we and they – the living and the dead, Confederate and Federal—fought for the right as each understood it, for the Constitution as each construed it, and for liberty as each interpreted it.

"With sheathless swords in sinewy hands we, thirty-two years after, again obey the assembly call, we respond to the long roll and fall in line, not to renew the battle nor to rekindle the strife, nor even to argue as to which won the victory, but to gather up the rich fruits of both the victory and defeat as treasures of inestimable value to our common country."

To these sentiments of Southern patriots whose names are household words with you, the whole country responds today with a cordiality which is the marvel, I had almost said the apprehension, of the world.

Through the Secretary of War the nation receives your gift and adds it to its treasures.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT AND MARKERS.

THE LARGE MONUMENT.

Which South Carolina has erected to her faithful sons, those who fought, and those who fell at Chickamauga, is on the ground where Kershaw's Brigade swept over, as they moved victoriously forward to the foot of Snodgrass Hill proper. Just opposite the Park (Iron) Marker for Kershaw's Brigade, the road to the Monument turns off from the Park Road which runs along the South base of Snodgrass Hill. A fine road, to and around it, has been constructed by the Park Commission.

The Monument and Markers were erected by the Stewart Stone Co. of Columbia, S. C. The pavement around the Monument was laid by Chas. E. Smith, contractor, Chattanooga. All the foundation work was most substantially constructed, without cost to the State, by the Park Commission.

The Monument is of South Carolina Granite, the stone work being at the base 15 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft. 9 in. and is 20 ft. 5 in. high. The paving around the Monument, is circular, with a radius of 15 ft. 10½ in. giving clear space in front of the Monument of 12 ft. On either side of the Monument are handsome, original bronze figures. That to the South being an Infantry Soldier, in the act of loading, and clothed in a true old time Confederate uniform. That to the North, being an Artillerist, sponge staff in his right hand, with his left hand raised shading his eyes to see the effect of the shot just made. Both figures are life like and living, true to nature and of splendid action. The Monument is capped with a bronze palmetto tree, emblematic of South Carolina, 13 ft. high.

The total height of the Monument is 33 ft. 5 in.

On the West front on the upper stone is a bronze Coat of Arms of the State of South Carolina. Below it, on the stone forming the top of the base, the words, in large letters "South Carolina," and on the main base stone the following inscription:

To her faithful sons at Chickamauga
South Carolina
erects this monument to commemorate
the valor they proved, and the lives they gave,
on this great battlefield.

On the back or East side, towards the Dyer field on the main base stone is the following inscription:

KERSHAW'S BRIGADE.		
2nd S. C. Regiment 3d S. C. Regiment 7th S. C. Regiment 8th S. C. Regiment 15th S. C. Regiment James' (3d) S. C. Battalion		Killed 65 Wounded 438 Missing 1
OF MANIGAULT'S BRIGADE.		
10th S. C. Regiment 19th S. C. Regiment	Consolidated	Killed 26 Mortally wounded 40 Wounded 170
OF GIST'S BRIGADE.		
24th S. C. Regiment		Killed 43 Wounded 114 Missing 12
CULPEPPER'S BATTERY		Wounded 14

THE MARKERS FOR KERSHAW'S BRIGADE

Is on Snodgrass Hill immediately, above the Park (Iron) Marker, showing the position of this Brigade. It is of rough granite and is inscribed:

Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade.
McLaw's Div., Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia
Sunday, September 20th. 1863.
2nd. S. C. Regiment, Lt. Col. Franklin Gaillard
3rd. S. C. " Col James D. Nance
7th S. C. " Lt. Col. Elbert Bland (killed)
Major John S. Hard (killed)
Capt E. J. Goggans
8th. S. C. " Col John W. Henagan
15th S C. " Col. Joseph F. Gist
3rd. (James) S. C. Battalion, Capt. Joshua M. Townsend (killed)
Capt. B. M. Whitener

The Markers for the Regiment of Kershaw's Brigade are on the line of the Brigade Marker, all smaller than the Brigade Marker, of rough granite and arranged from right to left and inscribed, respectively as follows:

8th. Regiment South Carolina Infantry
Commander
Col John W. Hanagan.
15th. Regiment South Carolina Infantry.
Commander
Col. Joseph F. Gist
7th. Regiment South Carolina Infantry
Commanders,
Lieut. Col. Elbert Bland (killed.)
Major John S. Hard (killed.)
Captain E. J. Goggans.
3rd Regiment South Carolina Infantry,
Commander,
Col. James D. Nance.
3rd (James') Battalion South Carolina Infantry,
Commanders,
Capt. Joshua M. Townsend (killed.)
Capt. B. M. Whitener.
2nd Regiment South Carolina Infantry,
Commander,
Lieut. Col. Franklin Gaillard.

The marker for the 10th and 19th S. C. Regiment, 24th S. C. Regiment and Culpepper's Battery are the same as that for Kershaw's Brigade.

THE MARKER FOR 10TH AND 19TH S. C. REGIMENT.

Is placed on Snodgrass Hill, at the point of furthest advance of the Regiment during the afternoon's battle, and before the retirement of the Union forces enabled the Regiment to take position for the night on the east slope of Snodgrass Hill, about one quarter of a mile to the north of the position of Kershaw's afternoon's fight. It is inscribed:

Furthest advance of
Manigault's Brigade
Sunday, September 20th, 1863.
10th S. C. Regiment, } Consolidated.
19th S. C. Regiment, }
Col. James F. Pressley, Commanding.

THE MARKER FOR 24TH S. C. REGIMENT

Is in the Kelly field near the Shell monument to Col. Colquitt, and is inscribed:

Gist's Brigade
Sunday, September 20th, 1863.
24th S. C. Regiment,
Col. Clement H. Stevens, Commanding.

THE MARKER FOR CULPEPPER'S BATTERY

is in the Poe field, about 300 yards north of the Georgia monument, and is inscribed:

Culpepper's South Carolina Battery.
Sunday, September 20th, 1863.
Capt. J. F. Culpepper, Commanding.

All the Markers have the inscription on the side from which the Confederates advanced.

In the corner stone of the monument was deposited:

PRINTED BOOKS.

1. Capt. D. Augustus Dickert's valuable History of Kershaw's Brigade.
2. Col. C. I. Walker's sketch of the 10th South Carolina Regiment.

TYPEWRITTEN MANUSCRIPT.

3. Copy of the sketch of 10th and 19th South Carolina Regiments, by Gen. C. I. Walker, written for the State and at the request of the Adjutant General of South Carolina.
4. Sketch of 19th and 24th South Carolina Regiments, by Gen. Ellison Capers.
5. Roll of Culpepper's Battery.
6. Rolls of 16th and 24th South Carolina Regiments and Culpepper's Battery—the rolls of Kershaw's Brigade being in Capt. Dickert's book, and of 10th South Carolina Regiment in Col. Walker's book.
7. List of Commissions appointed by the State for Chickamauga.

In the corner stone of Kershaw's Brigade Marker was deposited:

Capt. D. A. Dickert's History of Kershaw's Brigade.

In the corner stone of 10th and 19th S. C. Regiment Marker s are deposited:

Col. C. I. Walker's sketch of the 10th S. C. Regiment.
Copy of typewritten sketch of 10th and 19th S. C. Regiments, by Gen. C. I. Walker, written for the State and at the request of the Adjutant and Inspector General.

In the corner stone of the 24th S. C. Regiment Marker was deposited:

Typewritten sketch of 16th and 24th S. C. Regiments, by Gen. Ellison Capers.

In the corner stone of Culpepper's Battery nothing was deposited, as frequent requests to the Captain and a Lieutenant of the Battery failed to secure any matter.

History of the Various Commissions.

The United States Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park Commission, invited all States whose troops participated in the battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga (Missionary Ridge) to send on State Commissions to mark the various positions of their troops, that the history of these battlefields should be truthfully preserved and to erect monuments and markers on the fields. In response to the invitation of the United States Government, the State of South Carolina took action as follows:

First Commission.

To locate positions of South Carolina troops, visited the battlefield, May 18th, 1894, and located the positions thereof. The Commission was composed as follows:

General Hugh L. Farley,
Adjt. and Insp. Gen'l of South Carolina.

Maj. C. K. Henderson, Capt. E. J Goggans, Maj. J. D. McLucas,	Veterans of Kershaw's Brigade.
Gen. C. Irviue Walker, Capt. R. F. McCaslan, L. P. Harling,	Veterans of 10th and 19th S. C. Reg't.
Capt. Thos J. Appleby	Veteran of 24th S. C. Reg't.
Capt. J. F. Culpepper, Lieut. Perry Moses,	Veterans of Culpepper's Battery.
F. M. Mixson—At Large.	

The above Commission recommended that suitable monument and markers be erected. In response thereto the,

Second Commission,

Was appointed under authority of a Joint Resolution of the

General Assembly, December 22nd, 1894, to select designs and secure estimates for said monument and markers.

This Commission was composed as follows.

General C. Irvine Walker.

Major J. D. McLucas.

Major C. K. Henderson.

The above Second Commission selected designs, secured estimates and reported to the next session of the General Assembly but no appropriation was made.

The matter rested until its Convention of 1899 the South Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans, decided to memorialize the General Assembly and urge that proper respect be paid to South Carolina's sons, who fought and died at Chickamauga. In response thereto the

Third Commission

Was authorized by the General Assembly, at its session of 1900, and an appropriation of $10,000, was made for the erection of said Monument and Markers, to be erected by the Commission, at such places as it may decide on. This act creating this Commission passed the Legislature with singular unanimity In the House of Representatives it passed unanimously and in the Senate with only six votes against it. The Commission was to consist of the Governor, Adjutant and Inspector General, and three Confederate Veterans to be appointed by the Governor. It was composed as follows:

GOVERNOR MILES B McSWEENEY, Chairman.

Gen. C Irvine Walker, Secretary.	Veteran.
Gen. J. W Floyd, Adjt. and Insp't Gen'l of S. C.	Veteran, but appointed Ex Officio
Maj. C. K. Henderson, Col. J. Harvey Wilson,	Veterans.

Under the Supervision of the above third Commission, the South Carolina Monument, was erected The site selected was on the rising ground to the northwest of the Dyer Field, on the foothills of Snodgrass Hill, where Kershaw, swept victoriously over. It was dedicated, unveiled and turned over to the Commissioners of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park on the twenty-seventh day of May A. D. 1901.

Also were erected the Granite Markers for the various Commands of South Carolinians as follows:

One to Kershaw's Brigade, and one to each of its Regiments, i. e. 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 15th South Carolina Regiments, and James South Carolina Battalion on Snodgrass Hill.

One to the 10th and 19th South Carolina Regiment on Snodgrass Hill.

One to the 24th South Carolina Regiment on the Kelly Farm, near the Shell Monument to Col. Colquitt.

One to Culpepper's Battery in the Poe Field.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 702 471 8